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LAYS OF MODERN OXFORD.



LAYS OF MODERN OXFORD

(NEW EDITION),

BY

A D O N.

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LAYS OF MODERN OXFORD.

THE PROCTOR.

“AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.”

I.

Who was it that did me descry,
As gownless I walked down the High,
And chased me when I turned to fly?
The Proctor.

II.

Who caught me when I tripped and fell,
And made my name and college tell,
And fined and gated me as well?
The Proctor.

III.

Who was it that received my tin,
When I for smalls was going in,
And took my sovereign with a grin ?
The Proctor.

IV.

Who sat with cap upon his head,
When essays at Commem. were read,
And funny things upstairs were said ?
The Proctor.

V.

And at the ball's festivity,
Who was so very kind to me,
Because I had sweet sisters three ?
The Proctor.

VI.

Who danced twice with the one in blue,
And took her down to supper too,
And drank champagne and talked a few ?
The Proctor.

VII.

Who whispered something on the stair,
That made her blush from heel to hair,
And set two prim old maids a-stare ?

The Proctor.

VIII.

Who sits with her when day is done,
A jovial husband full of fun,
With daughters two and one young son ?

The Proctor.

FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

“ODI PROFANUM VULGUS ET ARCEO.”

I.

UP rose the silver moonlight
Over the rustling trees,
And fast the hum of angry men
Was wafted on the breeze.
From many a dirty pot-house,
And hole without a name,
From many a low and filthy haunt
The mob of blackguards came ;
From populous St. Aldates,
Swarming with noisy brat ;

St. Aldates on whose house-tops we
Have often heard with ecstasy
The sweet nocturnal melody
 Of melancholy cats.
From the lanes of dark St. Clements,
 Where Oxford sewers flow,
From broad St. Giles's alleys,
 And the slums of Jericho ;
From the green banks of Isis,
 Where unwashed children play,
And bargemen drive their nags and swear
 Through the dark autumn day ;

II.

They came, a noisy multitude,
 And thronged the Corn and High,
And never a more loathsome crowd
 Assembled 'neath the sky,
Stretching away to eastward,
 In one unbroken flood,

To where amid the darkness,
The fallen Angel stood.
Their chief was unwashed Georgius,
The dirtiest of his kind,
With a butcher in a greasy frock,
And a gang of roughs behind ;
And a blacksmith with a brawny arm,
And an ill look in his face,
And a fat bloated brewer's cad,
Who cursed and swore apace.

III.

They met some luckless freshmen,
Who were strolling down the High,
And rushed upon them with a yell,
That rent the very sky.
First the butcher knocks down Stultus,
And on the pavement hurls
Young Pyrrhus with the yellow hair,
The love of Oxford girls.

Better had he been spooning
Among the girls that day,
At croquet the green lawn upon,
Where freshmen and decrepit don,
And don's belongings play.
And the blacksmith hit with all his might,
Straight at tall Naso's nose ;
He missed his nose, but blacked his eye,
And knocked him senseless in the High ;
The mob set up a joyful cry,
And round their victim close.
They kicked him when they got him down,
As only blackguards can,
And Oxford blackguards are the worst
That shame the name of man.

IV.

Then came three undergraduates
Along the crowded street,
Strong in their brawny arms and chests,
And active on their feet :

One was broad-shouldered Pugilis,
A boxer of renown,
And Remex, famous with the oar,
With visage tanned and brown,
And Biceps, a great gymnast,
In billycock and gown.

v.

Then first broad-shouldered Pugilis,
With his left hand let fly,
And aimed a swift unerring blow
Straight at the butcher's eye,
Which felled him like a thunderbolt,
And there he let him lie ;
And next the foul-mouthed Georgius
Right on the mouth he smote,
And drove the tawny ivories,
Down his blaspheming throat.

VI.

Then the blacksmith flew at Biceps' neck,
And got his arms around,
But Biceps raised him in the air,
And dashed him to the ground ;
And Remex met the brewer's cad,
With a smasher in the face,
Which sent him backward in the crowd,
And none would take his place,
Till a gigantic navvy
Strode out before the crowd,
And challenged any one to fight,
In a voice profane and loud.

VII.

Then Pugilis came forward,
And smiled upon the foe,
But the navvy frowned a frown of hate,
And aimed a heavy blow,

Which Pugilis avoided,
Dodging his head aside,
And gave the navvy such a sweet
Right-hander in the side,
Which made his head come forward,
Then he gave him one, two, three,
Clean in the face, and down he fell,
As falls a forest tree.

VIII.

And the mob began to waver
Before such sturdy foes,
For many an eye was black that night,
And bloody many a nose.

IX.

But gownsmen fast came pouring
From College and from Hall,
And the rabble, howling, turn and fly,
With clattering steps along the High

And hook it one and all,
Like as a roaring torrent
From snow-clad mountain flows,
For roughs know well how noses swell
Beneath a gownsman's blows.

X.

From Exeter and Wadham,
And Lincoln came the gown,
From Corpus and from Brasenose,
Of cricketing renown ;
From Christchurch where the God-like Dean
Holds his majestic sway,
And fills with awe the minds of men,
Who have to call upon him when
They come testamur-less again
From the sad schools away ;

XI.

From Balliol, where the scholar
On his sofa lies supine,
And dreams of ancient heroes,
The Gods and happy Nine ;
From Magdalen where the bearded dons
Regale on sumptuous fare,
And the large soup-drops trickle down
Their beards of drooping hair ;
From Worcester whose sweet-scented rooms
The garden breezes puff in,
While undergraduates masticate
The matutinal muffin ;
From University and Queen's,
Where front-room men descry
The bulldogs' coal-black chimney-pots
Beneath them in the High ;

XII.

From the rooms of merry Merton,
Where dons are thought a bore,

A bore by undergraduates when
Collections show up idle men
At end of term to donnish ken,
 And dons against them score.
From Jesus, in whose ancient quad
If, stranger, thou hast ever trod,
 And yelled the name of Jones,
From east, and west, and south, and north,
A score of anxious heads pop forth,
All Welshmen, each of whom can claim
That ancient and time-honoured name,
Which every churchyard hands to fame
 On monumental stones.

XIII.

But hark ! The cry is " Proctor ! "
 Away the gownsmen fly,
For soon the Proctor clears the way,
And bobbies stand in long array,
 Across the noisy High ;

And now they close around the three,
Who gazing at them stood,
Their faces red with fighting.
And their hands with hostile blood.

XIV.

A bobby Pugilis espied,
Fatter than all his fellows,
His huge side heaved laboriously,
Like some old kitchen bellows ;
And Pugilis rushed at him,
And upset him then and there,
With his back upon the pavement,
And his feet high in the air ;
And there he lay extended,
A sight extremely queer,
His unwieldly form distended,
With frequent draughts of beer ;
And e'en the horde of unwashed roughs
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

XV.

But Pugilis sped onward,
Onward his comrades sped,
Leaving the bobby on his back,
With his heels above his head.
Then onward Proctor, bulldogs,
And bobbies join the chase,
But hotter still and hotter,
The gowmsmen make the pace ;
And soon the bobbies puff and blow,
And are toiling far behind,
And the pumped Proctor's velvet sleeves
Are streaming in the wind ;
But pluckily he follows,
His bulldogs on the track
Of that wild undergrad who laid
The bobby on his back.
But Pugilis is swift of foot,
And so are his comrades twain,
And after those fleet runners
The bulldogs toil in vain.

XVI.

Fast, fast, swift-footed Pugilis
Along the High Street fled ;
He burst through groups of grinning roughs,
And sometimes turned his head,
To see if his pursuers
Were coming on like men,
And when they flagged he eased his pace
To draw them on again.
And when he'd pumped them thoroughly,
He sped on like the wind,
The bulldogs tried to keep in view,—
But he left the dogs behind.
By many a startled lodging
Pattered his nimble feet,
He rushed through narrow alley,
And dimly-lighted street,
He rushed by hall and college,
And slackened not his pace,
Till he stood before his lodging door,
And then he wiped his face,

And regained his wind a little,
Then stood and laughed aloud
As he thought of the well-fed Proctor
Trotting bravely through the crowd,
And the keen-eyed bulldogs chasing,
And the fat policeman's fall,
And the grinning faces of the roughs,
Who gloated in it all.

XVII.

An hour more and all is still,
Hushed is the noisy town,
The Procter snores melodiously,
Upon his bed of down ;
And Pugilis is sleeping
Between the snow-white sheets,
And now no living thing is seen
In the deserted streets,
Save Oxford's useless bobbies,
Who perambulate the High,

From Carfax to where Magdalen tower
Stands tall and grim at midnight hour
Against the moonlit sky.

XVIII.

And oft on winter evenings,
In the cold Christmas vac.,
When home from school and college
The youngsters have come back,
Around the blazing fireside
Still is the story told,
How well the gownsmen thrashed the town
In the good days of old

TIMOTHY BOOKWORM.

“HORRESCO REFERENS.”

TIMOTHY BOOKWORM studied and read
Till the hair grew thin on the top of his head ;
He studied all day, and studied all night,
Till the hair that remained began to turn white.
There was not a sentence in Greek or in Latin
Or anything else, but what he was pat in ;
He often had wept at the fate of poor Turnus,
And he knew the whole life of each ghost in
Avernus,
And that lachrymose hypocrite pious Æneas
Who iilted poor Dido and went off to sea as
Cool as a cucumber, turning his eyes up
Piously, while from his false breast came sighs up.

He knew all the Platos, and Livys, and Cæsars,
Ethics, Thucydides, both of them teazers,
Æneids and Eclogues, Iliads and Odysseys,
Trojans and Grecians, the Gods and the God-
desses,

Venus, Minerva, Thetis and Juno,
And others, the names of which probably you
know,

Mercury, Phœbus, Jove god of thunder ; and
He understood thoroughly ‘ Alice in Wonder-
land ;’

He also at law and at logic a dodger was,
And they say that he even knew who the real
Roger was,

When after much reading, with honours the last
Of all his exams. he’d successfully passed,
He took his degree, and married a wife,
And meant to be happy the rest of his life ;
A shy looking girl with her head on one side,
Was the dark-haired damsel he chose for his
bride,

To write his letters, and make his tea,
And toil all day for him patiently :
He thought that, of course, he had made a
 good hit of it,
By marrying her, but no, not a bit of it ;
Girls that look shy with their heads on one side
Are rum 'uns sometimes when the knot has
 been tied ;
And Timothy Bookworm's was one of this kind,
Who always did just as her heart felt inclined ;
She worried his life out and spent all his money,
And thought him a bore when he tried to be
 funny ;
And if he refused to go to a play,
Or a ball or a concert, she had her own way,
And went with her cousin or uncle or brother—
At least she declared it was one or the other ;
And she wrote to young men, and such like
 games,
Addressing them "dearest" with Christian
 names,

A way that young ladies should never address
Any man upon earth who is anything less
Than a husband or lover or father or brother,
And none but a flirt would write thus to another.
She once was a good girl, and sweet-tempered
too,
And loved a young gentleman noble and true,
But her stern parent's pigheaded, senseless
stupidity,
Combined with bad temper, conceit, and
cupidity,
Sent this worthy young man like a dog to the
right about,
And long did he wander a very sad sight
about ;
Then quite at an early age joined the majority,
Or, to use an expression much better known
for it, he
'Gave up the ghost ;' and low in a shady
Churchyard they buried him ; then the young
lady

Who once was a good girl, became quite a
naughty one,

All through the self-will of her parent the
haughty one.

For girls, when the link of their pure love is
broken,

Will pine with a sorrow too deep to be spoken,
Or else, which perhaps is to make their hearts
smart less,

They grow into flirts, the most utterly heartless.

The stubborn old parent, I'm told by a friend,
Started up from his death-bed, his hair all on
end,

And his eyes fixed with horror on what seemed
blank space

Though his lips muttered something about a
dead face,

And his teeth chattered fearfully ; then with a
yell,

On his bed, down as dead as a door mat he fell.

Now Timothy Bookworm pondered and
thought,
And determined his wife should a lesson be
taught;
So when, one night, Mrs. B. had gone out,
He went through the house and rummaged
about,
And put all the jewels, from necklace to locket,
As well as his cheque-book, into his pocket,
Extinguished the lights, and went off to the
station,
Grinning to think of the lady's vexation;
And how with remorse for her deeds she would
groan,
When she came home to supper, and found her
mate flown.

But Timothy soon had got far on his way,
And when sooty-faced darkness had yielded to
day

He chartered a ship and sailed over the sea
To the far-off land of the Caribbee ;
And when he got there and stood on the
shore,

He thought he resembled that hero of yore,
Whose life and adventures, as children we
knew so

Well, namely, Mr. Robinson Crusoe ;

And he wandered about, with a mouldy book,

And a few other useful things that he took,

And sat on a hill that looked to the west,

As the great round sun was sinking to rest ;

Redder and redder it grew while 'twas sinking,

Like an old woman's nose when she's given to
drinking.

'Tis a world of deception, but ev'ry one knows

The cause of the flaming proboscis of rose ;

And he watched it sink down in the western
main,

But he never beheld it rise again.

He felt the damp mists of the evening steal
Over his limbs, and began to feel
Lonely, and sad, and weary of life,
And heartily wished himself back with his wife ;
And he thought of love-lorn Paris of old,
That wayward youth with his locks of gold,
How erst upon Ida's brow he lay,
When his life was silently ebbing away,
And wished that he once again might see
Fair Helen, the cause of his misery.
And he thought of old Oxford, far away,
With its books, and dons, and colleges grey ;
And he thought of his London club, and the
 wine,
And the turtle soup with its flavour fine,
And the delicate taste of the fragrant weeds
And all the exquisite whitebait feeds
At Greenwich, where Thames rolls along in his
 pride,
With a host of dead dogs on his snuff-coloured
 tide.

The trees in the dusk of the evening grew
brown,
The night was approaching, the sun had gone
down,
When there suddenly came upon Timothy's
ear,
A wild yell that made his limbs tremble with
fear,
And a swarm of wild Caribbees hungry and
thin,
Rushed from the forest and hemmed him in,
With ugly black faces both savage and
comical,
And dresses decidedly most economical ;
Those worn in the north by Scotland's wild
Highlanders
Are even more decent than Caribbee Islanders'.
The savages grinned, and their eyes were
bright,
And their mouths all watered with hungry
delight,

And they seized the unfortunate Timothy
And carried him home for the ladies to see.
Then they tied him with ropes to a good stout
stake,
And pulled out his eyebrows to keep him
awake ;
And oh ! how they laughed at the awful
grimace
That he made when they stuck a hot pin in his
face ;
They nipped his bare arms with pinchers of
steel,
Which made the unfortunate Timothy squeal ;
With a pair of blunt scissors they cut off his
toes,
And hammered a nail in the tip of his nose,
Poured rum on his head and set it alight,
While they capered around him and danced
with delight ;
And then with a cheese-taster, heated and
black,

They scooped some pieces of flesh from his
back,
Some dainty bits 'twixt the shoulder and spine,
Which they ate, and washed down with
bumpers of wine ;
And one of the ladies by way of surprise,
With her finger and thumb gouged out one of
his eyes,
And then took a sixpenny squirt from her
pocket,
And squirted hot vinegar into the socket ;
She had voted a tunding, but 'twas not allowed,
By the rest of that barbarous black-visaged
crowd ;
They said it was cruel, they wouldn't if
paid to,
And the 'Times' correspondence had made
them afraid to ;
So they very humanely cut up the poor sinner,
And cooked him with cabbage, and ate him for
dinner.

When his wife heard the news about seven
 weeks after,
She urst into fits of uproarious laughter.

MORAL.

Young men who intend the honours to bear all
 off,
Don't read too hard, or you *may* wear your hair
 all off;
And if when you marry you shouldn't agree
With the wife of your bosom, don't cross the
 deep sea;
For though your wife's temper may not be a
 sweet'un,
'Tis better be far to be henpecked than
 eaten.

Parents be noble and sensible, then miti-
Gate all your feelings of personal enmity;

Remember your daughters have souls, hearts,
and feelings,
So be gentle, unselfish, and just in your
dealings,
And beware how far earth's cursèd riches you
sell
Their bodies to man and their souls to hell,
Or else you'll repent when the bucket you're
kicking of,
While you listen alone to your clock the last
ticking of.

Young ladies who through the wide world
go meandering,
Remember the world's full of lying and
slandering ;
Where foes will come round you, a regular knot
of them,
And oily-tongued friends are the worst of the
lot of them :

And parsons will sometimes officiously preach
to you,

Their notions of duty, and write for to teach to you
Whom to love, and whom not to, forgetting
that love,

In the book which they quote from, is placed
far above

The love for a father or mother :—and then

The clergy are not all infallible men ;

So don't put the being you love on the shelf—

You'll not find a parson who'd do it himself ;

But stick to the men that you love like young
leeches,

Or wax, or as little boys' eyes do to peaches,

When dessert is on table. Trust nothing you
hear,

If appearances even should seem rather queer,

For a lie that is garnished with truth might
deceive,

When a good round lie you would never
believe.

If a man is a true man, he'll certainly wait for
you,

And that's the best proof that he'll make a
good mate for you ;

If you only believe what you hear from his
very lips,

And be patient, you'll smile again some day
with merry lips.

NONSENSE VERSES.

"VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL."

I.

THERE was a pale scholar of Queen's,
Who lived on potatoes and beans ;
When they said, " take to meat,"
He replied, " such a treat
We seldom indulge in at Queen's."

II.

There was a great don of the House,
A man of superior " nous ;"
When told he was wrong,
He replied, " Go along,
We never are wrong at the House."

III.

There was a tall freshman of Keble
Whose legs were exceedingly feeble,
So he hired a fly
To drive to the High,
A Sabbath-day's journey from Keble.

IV.

There once was an old don of Corpus,
Who was something the shape of a por-
poise ;
When they said, " You are stout,"
He turned up his snout,
And pompously stalked back to Corpus.

V.

There was a postmaster of Merton,
Who would always bathe with his shirt on ;
When his friends asked him why,
He made the reply,
" We always do odd things at Merton."

VI.

There was a fat B.A. of Brasenose,
Who had an extremely red face and nose ;
 When they said " Do you drink ? "
 He replied with a wink,
This wine-bibbing B.A. of Brasenose.

VII.

There was a young person of Magdalen,
Who could run for three miles without
 dawdlin' ;
 For three miles or one,
 No person could run
In front of this young man of Magdalen.

VIII.

There was a young man of St. Albàns,
Who drank all the beer in the Hall cans ;
 When they said " You will burst,"
 He replied, " I'm athirst,"
So they left him in peace at St. Albàns.

IX.

There was a wild freshman of John's,
Who set at defiance the dons ;
 He cut morning chapels,
 And flung rotten apples
About the quadrangle of John's.

X.

There was a proud freshman of Jesus
Whose looks were intended to freeze us ;
 In his boots he wore nails,
 And his home was in Wales,
And he lived on the strong beer of Jesus.

XI.

There was a young person of New,
Who a stone at a man's window threw,
 So the whole of the place
 Was sent down in disgrace,
For there's wisdom and justice at New.

XII.

There was a sly freshman of Lincoln,
Whose left eye had always a wink on ;
 When told he was droll,
 He replied, " Bless my soul !
You don't know our habits at Lincoln."

XIII.

There once was a cool man of Exeter,
Who kissed a young lady and vexèd her,
 But soon she came round,
 For before long she found
That she liked this cool man of Exeter.

XIV.

There was a forlorn man of Trinity,
Who always was ploughed in divinity ;
 The Judges and Kings
Were the troublesome things,
That stumped this forlorn man of Trinity.

XV.

There was a fat freshman of Skimmery,
Whose hat had always the rim awry ;
When they said, " It's askew,"
He said, " So are you ;"
This personal freshman of Skimmery.

XVI.

There was an old fellow of All Souls,
Whose boots had remarkably small soles ;
When told they were tight,
He offered to fight,
This touchy old Fellow of All Souls.

XVII.

There was a fast freshman of Univ.,
Whose rooms were located where few live ;
He thought them too quiet,
For he liked all the riot
Of rackety mirth-loving Univ.

XVIII.

There was an acute man of Pembroke,
Who smoked a short clay till the stem
 broke,
 Then he threw it away
 And used a new clay,
This smoke-puffing member of Pembroke.

XIX.

There was a great scholar of Balliol,
Who was asked what he knew of Gamaliel ;
 He said 'twas a hill,
 And examiners still
Remember that scholar of Balliol.

XX.

There was a great dunce at the Tavern,
Whose skull was a large empty cavern ;
 He could eat, drink, and hunt,
 Play cricket and punt,
Which is all that they want at the Tavern.

XXI.

There was a lithe freshman of Oriel,
Who climbed up the martyr's memorial,
Where he stood on his head
And indignantly said,
"Who states we're not active at Oriel "

XXII.

There was a stout Proctor of Wadham,
The hard streets—how often he trod 'em
His boots were worn out
With walking about,
This hard-working Proctor of Wadham.

XXIII.

There once lived at Magdalen Hall
A man who knew nothing at all ;
He was fifty-three
When he took his degree,
Which is youngish for Magdalen Hall.

XXIV.

There was a young person of Teddy
Who ne'er for Responsions was ready ;
 He smoked, jested, sang,
 Drank beer and talked slang,
But never a syllable read he.

XXV.

There was a firm Fellow of Worcester,
Who said, " I shall not till I choose stir ;
 They feed us well here
 And give us good beer,
And I mean to remain on at Worcester. '

XXVI.

There was a young man " unattached,"
Whose clothes were all threadbare and
 patched ;
 He drank tea and read
 Till he muddled his head,
Then went in for honours and scratched.

IF A PROCTOR MEET A BODY.

"ACCUSATOR ERIT QUI VERBUM DIXERIT 'HIC EST.'"

I.

If a Proctor meet a body
Coming down the High,
If a Proctor greet a body
Need a body fly?

II.

Every Proctor has his bulldog,
Dog of mickle might,
When he marches forth in full tog
At the fall of night.

III.

Every bulldog when he spies a
Man without a gown,
Promptly chases him and tries a-
Main to run him down.

JUSTICE.

"SHE HATH ESCAPED MY WILL, KEHAMA CRIED ;
SHE HATH ESCAPED, . . . BUT THOU ART HERE."

I.

IT chanced that at an old tobacconist's,
Outside the door a painted figure stood,
A kilted Scotchman neatly carved in wood ;
'Twas new and rather good.
Now Tomkins bent upon a spree,
Walked down the street the various sights to
see ;
But when the painted image Tomkins view'd,
To this he sprung, to this he clung,

And ran like mad along the High with this
Across his shoulder swung.

II.

Two bobbies seized him as he turned the
street,

Before he was aware ;

He dropped the image, and with wingèd feet

Shinned them, and bolted like a started hare ;

The angry bobbies baffled now,

Unto each other vow

To make it hot for any gownsman there

They meet ; and Wilkins passing, full of fun,

Began to chaff the bobbies ; wrathful they

Seized him instead and carried him away ;

He neither struggled, kicked, nor tried to run,

Nor the least show of opposition made,

Although they grasped him with their dirty
hands

Courageously, for they don't feel afraid

When still their victim stands.

III.

Thus are they always bold when they have
made

Some crippled beggar old,
Or unresisting girl, or boy, their prey,
But somehow they are never in the way
If a strong ruffian has been throwing stones,
Or punching some one's head in self-sought fray,
For they are careful of their bones.

IV.

"The culprit hath escaped," the bobbies cried,
"He hath escaped, but one is here,
Will do as well ;
Now let us go and tell
The Proctor that 'twas he ;" and so they went
And told their story well.
Next morning Wilkins gets a note,
Brought by the Proctor's man,
To call upon the Proctor at his rooms
With all the haste he can.

v.

And when he came within the Proctor's room,
Young Wilkins roused himself,
And told the Proctor 'twas a lie,
Invented by those blue-clad menials base;
That he was in the 'High'
Walking alone, and never even saw
The wooden figure that they talked about,
And that these bobbies
Came and pounced on him as he walked
about,
Because the real culprit they
Had been so baulked about.

vi.

The velvet-sleeved one deigned him no reply,
The narrow-minded man—his gooseberry eye
Looked idiotic; not the smallest part
Had right and justice in his foolish heart.

At last he uttered loud each measured word,
Long in his breast confined,
Unjust, severe, proctorial, absurd—
The index of his mind.

VII.

“ You must go down,
Away from this town,
For here you would
Never do any good.
You have made a row,
Which I can not allow,
And so I must take you,
An example to make you ;
You must pay me a fine
Of five pounds to-day,
And then go away,
For you must not stay
At Oxford, lest others
Should follow your track ;

And your caution-money
You'll not get back.
And now, Mr. Wilkins,
My words are plain,
You must never again,
Though it gives you pain,
Come up to Oxford.
If you think to do so,
You think it in vain ;
You'll have to obey me,
Mr. Wilkins, for ever ;
You can go away now, sir,
And return again never."

VIII.

There with those bugbears of the town
Before him, stood the wretched man ;
There stood young Wilkins with loose-hanging
gown.
Was it a dream ? Ah ! no,
He heard his sentence flow,

He heard the ready bobbies lie,
And felt all hope within him die.

Ah! who could have believed
That he the velvet-sleeved
Could have so small, so weak a mind,
And ever trust those worms of dust,
Those banes of studentkind.

With indignation flashing from his eye,
He left the room, nor cast one look behind.

OVERWORKED.

“INGENIUM INGENS
INCULTO LATET HOC SUB CORPORE.”

THEY stood upon his nose's bridge of size—
His spectacles ; a book in either hand.
I saw a queer expression in his eyes,
As if a sunstroke in some tropic land
Had made his too colossal brain expand
More than it ought ; and on his face odd smiles
Would come sometimes, and then he'd
laughing stand,
Clutching his gown, and talking loud mean-
whiles.
He wore a college cap, the mouldiest of tiles.

AFTER THE EXAMINATION.

‘ Τέτλαθε δὴ, κραδίη, καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ’ ἔτλης.’

I.

WITHOUT one lingering look he leaves
The spot of all his troubles past,
With thoughtful heart ; for he believes
The dons have made this chance his last.
Those hated schools, brain-addling place,
That seems to haunt his mind for ever,
And sight of which before his face,
Makes all his limbs with horror shiver—
Shiver as though had fallen smack
A douche of water on his back,

And arms and neck and head and face,
So hated was the awful place ;
But it must come, and all must go
Where, sitting sternly in a row,
Examiners, with looks that chill,
Pluck those that do their papers ill.

II.

And he has gone to his lonely room,
To sit alone by the fireside ;
He stirs the fire with the broom,
And does eccentric things beside.
For flurried by the exam. he seems,
And while his hissing kettle steams,
He mutters deep within his breast,
“What causes this delay ?
If with Testamur I am blest,
It can't be far away.”
And then the toasting fork he takes,
And with it in the cinders rakes,

And makes it in a fearful mess,
And then he walks in restlessness
About his room, while minutes creep
More slowly than in prison keep.

III.

He plucked his toothpick in his pocket,
But sheathed it ere the point was bare ;
He rolled his eye within its socket,
And passed his fat hand through his hair ;
Nay more—he took his meerschaum then,
And gazed upon it with a look
Of absent wonder, then he took
And put it in its case again ;
And mopped his brow all cold and damp,
And blew his nose, and lit his lamp,
Then in his arm-chair sat and numbered
The weary minutes till he slumbered.

PLOUGHED.

“ÆQUAM MEMENTO REBUS IN ARDUIS
SERVARE MENTEM.”

AND he was ploughed ! One thought alone
His gloomy soul with comfort suns,
That he, though all his cash had flown,
And little bills had monstrous grown,
Was safe from soul-subduing duns.
Safe in his oak-protected room,
He sits with brow o'erspread with gloom,
His head reclining on his hand,
Which breezes through the window fanned.

But see, who comes upstairs by stealth,
His solitary room to seek,
Sent by some tradesman famed for wealth,
With more than ordinary cheek ?
'Tis he—the dun so sleek and slim,
He knew the slow and slinking stride,
The dun who wished to speak to him,
And get his small bill paid beside.
His step is at the room door now,
His finger on the handle presses,
And in he walks with anxious brow,
And his small chance of payment guesses.
Ah ! little did the student think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from a tradesman's face,
That hideous face that was to him
Hateful as are the schools, the place
Of stern examiners so grim.
And now he frowns—now turns away,
Shudd'ring as if a judgment lay

Within the toothless mouth alone
Of that sleek dun so fearless grown,
Who with consummate coolness came
To him unasked and without shame.

“Sir, will you kindly pay our bill ?

It has been standing long you see.
We want the cash, or if you will

A two months' bill will do for me ;
Some heavy claims upon us fall,

Which we must meet a certain day,
And on that day must meet them all,

And therefore press you, sir, to pay.”
The dunned one looked him in the face,
And told him he his time must bide,

That there were others in the place
Whose bills he had to pay beside.

He saw him slowly quit his sight,

And thanked his stars that he had gone,
And then his oak he sported tight,

Glad to be once more left alone.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

“ATQUI SCIEBAT QUÆ SIBI BARBARUS
TORTOR PARARET.”

I.

ONE more unfortunate
Ploughed for degree,
By those importunate
Questioners three.

II.

Tell it him gingerly,
Break it with care,
Think you he'll angry be?
Or will he swear?

III.

Look at his college cap,
Bent with its broken flap,
While his hand constantly
Clutches his gown,
And he walks vacantly
Back through the town.

IV.

Didn't he study ?
Wasn't he cute ? or
Had he a coach ? and
Who was his tutor ?
Or was he a queerer one
Still, and had ne'er a one,
And all this the fruit ? Or

V.

Was his brain muddled,
Addled and fuddled,
From over-working ?

Or did he all the day
Racquets and cricket play,
Books and dons shirking ?

VI.

His Greek was a mystery,
So was his history,
His throbbing brain whirled,
And through his shaggy hair
Both his hands twirled.

VII.

He goes at it boldly,
No matter how coldly
Examiners scan
Him over the table,
And say, " If you're able,
Construe it, man ;
Look at it, think of it,
Do what you can."

VIII.

Now they stare frigidly,
Calmly and rigidly,
Courteously, slily ;
How well he knows them,
Who could suppose them
Witty and wily !

IX.

Helplessly staring,
He looks at it long,
Then with the daring
Last look of despairing
Construes it wrong.

X.

Failing most signally,
Construing miserably ;
Frequent false quantity,
But as they want it he

Must do his best,
Until they tell him he
Need not decidedly
Construe the rest.

XI.

Full of urbanity
And inhumanity,
See what they've done ;
Out of each couple
They with tongues supple
Ploughed at least one.

SNOWED UP.

“BRUMA RECURRIT INERS.”

THE sky is grey and snow appears,
The streets grow white
In a single night,
As I've known them grow in other years ;
And drops from roofs the garments spoil,
A tint of redness dyes the nose,
While thickest boots get wet and spoil,
And biting cold benumbs the toes
Of shrivelled men and maidens fair
Who hate the chilling winter air.

There was a Don on whom the mould
Of classic volumes dry and old
Had fixed itself, and worn away
Whatever good some former day
There might have been within him left,
But of which now he was bereft,
And when a don puts out his sting,
 And ever of the men complains,
He then becomes an irksome thing,
 The mem'ry of whose acts remains
Remembered well for many a day ;
And undergraduates have a way
Of sometimes paying off old scores
By snowing up the donnish doors
With snow-walls, piled up high and wide,
While the old don is safe inside.

At half-past ten o'clock, or so,
We went out in the falling snow
Beneath his window. Every light
Was out, and all was dark as night ;

He was in bed of course, so then
We set to work, and toiled like men.
We stood beside the wall's grey stone,
Twenty, at least, if we were one,
We piled the snow at a rapid pace,
Till flushed with warmth was every face ;
We piled it up and hammered it tight
From half-past ten till twelve at night.

Within those grey and chilly walls,
Behind the barricade of snow,
Thick at the top and thick below,
He slept, we thought, in calm content,
Who us to chapel oft had sent
And made us give him morning calls.
All seemed as silent as the grave,
But he was listening, cunning knave ;
We little thought that wide awake
Upon his cosy bed he lay,
And listened while we toiled away.
At last we thought a door unlocked,

And thought we heard a small voice say,
"Who's there?" and yet we did not fly,
But thought perhaps 'twas all my eye,
Till something most distinctly knocked
Against the wall of snow, which rocked,
Then partly fell—and—I could see
The don, in night robes, facing me.

And there beneath the dusky wall
With light in hand, he stood agape;
I threw a monster snow-bound ball
And knocked his candle out of shape,
And with a laugh I turned to flee;
He did not try to follow me,
For he was scant of clothes, while I
Was in my daytime toggery,

AT THE MAGDALEN GROUND.

“ECCE CANIT FORMAS ALIUS JACTUSQUE PILARUM.”

I.

DRIVE to the Magdalen Ground ;
Soon myself there I found,
Balls flew and ground-boys
 After them blundered.
Theirs not at ease to lie,
Theirs but to field and shy
Balls up and mind their eye ;
If they were out of breath
 Who could have wondered.

II.

Balls to the right of me,
Balls to the left of me,
Balls too in front of me,
 Nearly a hundred.
There stood each cricket swell,
Some of them batted well,
Smacking the balls about ;
Seldom their wickets fell ;
 I stood and wondered.

III.

Thirsty, with elbows bare,
Bowlers were bowling there ;
Cricket-balls through the air
Whizzed past their heads the while.
 Muchly I wondered
Why no one's head was broke,
For at each mighty stroke

Close past the legs or head
Of some unconscious bloke,
 Fast the balls thundered ;
Which, had they hit him, would
 Limbs have near sundered.

IV.

Balls to the right of me,
Balls to the left of me,
Balls too behind me,
 Bounded and thundered ;
Then came a sudden thwack,
Right on my poor old back,
Earthward I tumbled, smack ;
Knocked out was all my breath
With this untimely crack ;
Whether my bones were smashed,
 I lay and wondered.

v.

Ne'er will the memory fade
Of the large bruise it made,
Not if six hundred
Years on this earth I stayed.
Why cricket's ever played
Often I've wondered.

SOMEBODY'S POODLE.

“QUAM SESE ORE FERENS!”

I.

INTO a quad within four grey walls,
Where little dogs often stray,
To pick up whatever within their way falls,
Somebody's poodle toddled one day.
Somebody's poodle so sleek and so white,
Wearing upon his impudent face
A swaggering air of conscious might,
As if he were ruler and lord of the place.

II.

Carefully combed are the milk-white curls
On the body and neck of that young bow-
wow ;
And his dignified tail he proudly twirls,
And he opens his mouth to make a row.
Some one had certainly combed his hair ;
Was it some ugly wizen old fright ?
Or had the hands of a maiden fair
Tended those curls of immaculate white ?

III.

There's not the least doubt he was somebody's
pet ;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,
And wouldn't she worry and fidget and fret
When she found he was gone and didn't
know where !

She's probably sending and looking for him,
All over the house, in every part ;
There he stands within four walls grim,
Where his dainty hide will presently smart.

IV.

For a cruel scout's boy comes from his place
And flings a boot at his delicate head,
And the porter appeared with a lowering face,
And a long-lashed whip, and after him sped.
Kick him once for mischief's sake ;
Lay on your whip with many a blow,
Till the lash a piece from his skin shall take—
He is only a dog, you know !

THE BOAT RACE.

“VERRIMUS ET PRONI CERTANTIBUS ÆQUORA REMIS.”

I.

WE had stripped off our coats, for the first gun
had fired ;

Our starter intent on his watch set his eye ;
On the bank there were hundreds in flannels
attired,

The lean ones to run and the fat ones to try.

II.

The last gun was fired, we are off and away,
With fast flashing oars, on the foremost
boat's track ;

'Twas pumping—my knees too got in my way,
And a troublesome horse-fly was biting my
back.

III.

The flush of exertion broke out on my face,
And the skin-wearing oar handle gave me
great pain,
And I vowed in my heart this should be my
last race,
And thrice ere the finish I vowed it again.

IV.

Put it on—well-rowed all—now you're gaining
—full oft
I heard on the bank from many a tongue,
And the cheers of our comrades that went up
aloft
From many a loud-shouting ear-splitting
lung.

V.

Then we spurted like mad, and gained more
and more,
Till the two boats were scarcely six inches
apart,
Our coxswain alternately cheered us and swore,
To let off the steam from his fast-beating
heart.

VI.

Easy all! 'Tis a bump! 'Tis a bump, I'll be
' sworn!
I was glad for my back had begun to give
way.
Our cheers on the wings of the evening were
borne,
And our boat became head of the river that
day.

RESPONSIONS.

“QUOD SCIS, NIHIL PRODEST: QUOD NESCIS, MULTUM OBEST.”

I SEE before me my smalls paper lie ;

I lean my head upon my hand, my brow
Throbs and exhibits mental agony.

There's not a single question that I know
The least bit how to answer ; very slow
I write my feeble answers one by one,
And know they are utter nonsense—yes, and
now

The table swims before me.—I am done,
And wild and desperate—time's up—the clock
strikes one.

I heard it but I heeded not ; my eyes
Were like my poor old head, which, by the
way,
Was very foggy ; then I heaved some sighs
And gazed upon the paper as it lay ;
There were the verbs all wrong in long array,
There were the genders. I with brain on fire
Tortured to make an Oxford holiday
For stern examiners. I should expire
With more of this, so I shall scratch and then
retire.

THE BUMP SUPPER.

“NUNC EST BIBENDUM, NUNC PEDE LIBERO
PULSANDA TELLUS.”

You shall hear how once our college,
When our boat had done great wonders,
And had bumped all boats before it,
Gave a great and grand bump-supper.
First the scouts, the sherry-swiggers,
And the scouts' boys, beer-imbibers,
Spread the things upon the table.
All of glass were made the tumblers,

All the spoons were made of silver,
All the forks were made of silver,
All except the two-pronged carvers,
Which were made of steel well tempered.
In the mustard-pot was mustard,
In the cruet-stand was pepper,
Vinegar, and other fluids.
Then the scouts, the sherry-swiggers,
And the scouts' boys, beer-imbibers,
Placed upon the table beer-jugs,
Filled with beer composed of hops that
Grow in Kent in sunny gardens,
Where the laughing rays of sunshine
Grin upon the heads of hoppers.
And they placed upon the table
Champagne-cup and rosy claret.
When the lamp-black night descended
Broad and dark upon the college,
When the reading-man, the bookworm,
Grinding sat among his Greek books,

With his oak securely sported,
And his teacup on the table,
From their rooms in groups assembled
Many guests to this great supper.
Came the boating men in numbers,
Came the cricketers in numbers,
Came the athletes clothed with muscle,
Came the singers, and the jesters.
And the jokers, funny fellows ;
Came the active gymnast Biceps,
Also Pugilis, his comrade,
Very clever with the mittens ;
Came our sturdy plucky boat's crew,
Remex Princeps, and his comrades,
And the steerer, Gubernator.
All were hungry, all were merry,
Full of repartee and laughter.
First they ate the slippery oyster,
Native oyster cool and luscious,
And the ruddy blushing lobster,

And the crab so rich and tasty ;
Then they ate the cold roast chicken,
And the finely flavoured ox-tongue,
And the cold roast mutton sheep's flesh,
And the pigeon-pie, the dove-tart,
And the well-stuffed duck and turkey,
With the sausages around it.
Thus the guests, the mutton-munchers,
Played the noble game of chew-chew,
Game of knife and fork and tumblers,
Very popular in Oxford.
Next appeared upon the table,
Mighty bowls of steaming liquor,
Bowls of gin-sling, bowls of rum-punch ;
Then cigars were handed round, and
Mouths that had sufficient eaten
Soon began to puff like chimneys.
All were smoking, some cigars, and
Others pipes of coloured meerschaum.
From their mouths uprose the smoke-
clouds,

Like as rise on summer mornings
Misty clouds from silver Isis.
While the guests were puffing smoke-
clouds,
At the oaken doorway entered
Ginger, strolling comic singer,
Ginger, self-possessed and cheeky,
Man of songs and looks complacent,
With a medal on his coat-front ;
In perpetual smiles his lips moved
Underneath his black moustachios,
And his two eyes twinkled gaily
With the light of self-assurance.
He was skilled in gulping down a
Glass of sherry at a mouthful,
Cheek-exciting sherry wine, and
He was skilled in tossing beavers,
Beaver hats up in the air, and
Catching them upon his head, as
None could do like cunning Ginger ;
And he was the neatest singer

Of the kind of songs called comic
That we ever knew or heard of.
No song ever had been written
But the cunning Ginger knew it ;
No one else could sing as he could,
No one else could drink as he could ;
No one else could catch as he could
On his head the shining beaver.
But before the singing, rose up
Of the crack eleven one who
In the wondrous game of cricket,
Stoutly with his bat of willow
On the verdant turf of Lord's ground,
Oft had hit the ball of leather
Far beyond the reach of fielders—
Far beyond the corded circle,
All among the throng of people.
And the wielder of the willow,
In a speech of some duration,
Spoke of all the mighty exploits
Of the crew and their successes.

Praised their stroke-oar, Remex Princeps,
Who had rowed so well at Putney
In the boat-race with the Cantabs ;
Spoke of how upon a carriage
He was standing with some ladies,
Dressed in dark blue, near the river,
While the crews were sitting waiting
In hotels till all was ready,
Waiting till 'twas higher water,
Waiting till obstrep'rous steamers
Could be kept a bit in order.
When at last the Oxford dark blue
Came out from the throngèd boat-house
In their boat of polished cedar,
Cheers of thousands rent the air, and
All the dark blue ladies clapped their
Little hands ; and then the light blues
Cheered and shouted when the Cantabs
Came out also from the boat-house
In their boat of polished cedar.

Then was silence, while awaiting
At the post the starter's signal
Dark blue, light blue, side by side, were
Resting on the laughing water.
At the signal off they started,
Swift as arrows from a bow string ;
Then there rose up such a yelling,
Such a screaming, shouting, cheering,
People running, steamers roaring.
Onward light blue, onward dark blue,
Spurred through the laughing water ;
Steamers pressing close upon 'em,
Did their very best to swamp 'em.
Still the two boats spurred onward ;
Hammersmith they passed together,
And together under Barnes bridge
Passed, while thousand throats above them
Shouted loudly, " Now you're gaining !
Well rowed Oxford ! Well rowed Cam-
bridge ! "

Then our stroke with mighty effort
Quickened, and the crew behind him
Backed him up like true-born Britons,
And oar boat 'mid ringing cheering
Passing first the 'Ship' at Mortlake,
Won the hard-fought race for Oxford,
Boating men are men of merit,
Strictly training honest workers,
Ugly weather never daunts them ;
Out they go on sunny days when
Cirro-cumulus and Cirrus
Softly float some miles above them ;
Out they go too when the threat'ning
Cirro-stratus veils the heavens,
And the drenching storm-cloud Nimbus
Rains upon them like a douche-bath.
"I propose with three times three then,"
Said the mighty willow-wielder,
"All their healths, and add the name of
Remex Princeps, matchless stroke-oar."

Then they all arose and drank the
Toast, and stood on chairs and tables,
Cheering till their throats wére husky,
All but stroke-oar, Remex Princeps,
And his plucky brother oarsmen,
And the steerer, Gubernator,
Who upon the chairs of oak-wood
Sat and nodded approbation.
Many toasts, and neatly buttered,
Followed this one, intermingled
With the songs of love and laughter.
First a man of modest aspect,
With his eyes turned down upon his
Empty plate began asserting
That he ' rose from dreams of it in
First sweet sleep of night,' and so on.
Then a man, who came from Cornwall,
Sang a song that clearly stated
If a person named Trelawny,
Should by any hap or hazard,
Leave the world by death untimely,

Many people in the south-west
Part of England would insist on
Knowing wherefore he had left it.
Then the cheeky smiling Ginger
Sang of lovely Angelina,
Lady with the Grecian bend, and
Of the maiden dressed in azure,
With both eyes and hair of darkness.
Then the guests said, "Sing some more
songs ;
Sing to us, immortal Ginger,
Songs of laughter quaint and comic,
With a merry roaring chorus,
That we all may be more noisy,
And the sleeping dons may waken."
Then the comic singer, Ginger,
Sang a song with noisy chorus,
And another and another.
Shouted all the guests, and screamed, and
Woke the dons throughout the college ;
Woke the older dons, the doctors,

And the younger dons, the masters ;
Aged women in the houses
Round about jumped up affrighted
From their downy beds to listen ;
Thirsty bobbies, in the darkness
Of the streets so badly lighted,
Licked their lips and paused to listen.
Yet amid the noise and shouting,
There was one who slept most soundly,
Leaning back upon a sofa ;
This was that enormous eater,
Helluo the gormandizer.
He was sleeping, he was snoring,
Quite unconscious of the singing,
Quite unconscious of the cheering,
And the shouting and the laughter.
Then the steerer, Gubernator,
Full of fun and full of mischief,
Took a piece of cork, and held it
In the candle till 'twas blackened,
Then with stealthy footsteps came to

Where fat Helluo was sleeping,
And he corked his face all over,
Made it black as any boot ; and
All the guests, convulsed with laughter,
Shook the room with many ha ! ha's !
Screamed and shouted approbation.
But this did not wake the sleeper,
For the mighty sleep-god, Morpheus,
Fast had closed his heavy eyelids.
Then a joker, funny fellow,
Took an orange golden-rinded,
Flung it at the snoring sleeper,
Sent it singing as a herald,
As the bearer of a message,
Asking him politely, kindly,
Just to wake and leave off snoring.
Up he started, seized an apple,
Baked and softened by long cooking,
Flung it fiercely at his comrade ;
Right upon his nose it burst, and
Bunged his two eyes up completely.

Then he sent a water-melon
Whizzing at the funny joker,
But the very active joker
Ducked his head, and through the window
Flew the melon, slanting downwards
Swiftly through the midnight darkness,
Till it lighted on the forehead
Of a student in the quad, who
Stood a-gazing up intently
At the twinkling stars above him.
Then began the greatest bear-fight
That the college ever witnessed ;
All took part in this great bear-fight,
Some on one side, some the other ;
Apples, oranges, and filberts
Flew about like hail in storm-time ;
Chairs were broken, glasses shattered,
Walls besprinkled, lamps demolished ;
All was shouting, noise, confusion,
Till at last the guests exhausted,
All departed hot and dizzy.

Thus the entertainment ended,
Thus the great bump-supper ended,
Long to be discussed and talked of,
Long to be remembered by the
College in the days hereafter.

ALPHABET.

"NUNC ITAQUE ET VERSUS ET CETERA LUDICRA PONO."

A was the Anguish I felt in the schools,
B was my Bugbear, the tenses and rules,
C was the Cramming for months I had got,
D the Declension I knew and forgot,
E was the English to put into Latin,
F was the Funk that for hours I sat in,
G was the Grammar I never knew much of,
H was the Homer I hated the touch of,
I were the Idioms that on my brain preyed,
J were the Jokes the Examiners made,

K the Kind way they asked where Lorraine
was,

L was their Look when I said it in Spain was,

M the Mistakes they against me were chalking,

N was the Nonsense I knew I was talking,

O was the Ode that I couldn't translate,

P was the Prose that shared the same fate,

Q was a Question they asked me in chaff,

R my Reply that made them all laugh,

S was their Smile which is haunting me yet,

T the Testamur I wanted to get,

U the Unkind way I'm told that there's none,

V was the Villain who said it in fun,

W was the Waiting—I never forgot it,

X my Xcitement at last when I got it,

Y were my Yells of uproarious din,

Z was the Zenith of joy I was in.

WHO CAN TELL?

“QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE.”

I.

WHAT may the class-list be,

Who can tell?

Will it bring a “first” to me,

Who can tell?

Will what I have had to pay

For coaches bring me joy to-day,

Or has all been thrown away,

Who can tell?

II.

What may the class-list bring,
Who can tell ?
Shall I be happy as a king,
Who can tell ?
Will the examiners delight
In reading what they made me write,
And make me sleep in bliss to-night,
Who can tell ?

III.

Will my tutor mock my woes,
Who can tell ?
Will he raise his pliant nose,
Who can tell ?
Or will dons come in a row
When the great result they know,
And clasp my hand their joy to show,
Who can tell ?

SHOW SUNDAY.

*Ὡς μοι καὶ τόνδ' ἄνδρα πελώριον ἐξονομήνης,
Ὅς τις ὄδ' ἐστὶν Ἀχαιὸς ἀνὴρ ἥϊός τε μέγας τε.
Ἦτοι μὲν κεφαλῇ καὶ μείζονες ἄλλοι ἔασιν.
Καλὸν δ' οὕτω ἐγὼν οὗ πω ἴδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
Οὐδ' οὕτω γεραρόν· βασιλῆϊ γὰρ ἀνδρὶ ἔοικεν.*

SUNDAY was fine and bright in the week of the
commemoration,
Fine and bright was the evening, and red was
the sky to the westward.
Gleaming with rays of gold shone the car of
Phœbus Apollo,

Brightly reflected his beams through the elms
superb and majestic

Growing on either side of the Christ Church
well-trodden broadwalk.

Thronged was the walk that day with ugliness,
age, youth and beauty,

Fathers and mothers and brothers and aunts
and fairy-like sisters,

All had come up to well-built Oxford to see
their belongings ;

Here they walked up and down, arrayed in
their gaudiest dresses.

Every 'Varsity man had on academical gar-
ments,

And in his undergraduate's cap and gown was
Adonis,

Walking serenely with one who was not as yet
a relation,

One who was tall and fair, with eyes like the
azure of Heaven ;

And when these two had walked to the end
where silvery Cherwell

Flows in silence between its banks where beautiful trees grow,

Opening rosy lips from which, like soul-stirring music,

Wingèd words came forth, bewitching sweeter than honey,

Thus the blue-eyed maiden spoke to handsome Adonis :

“ Let us stand awhile and watch the crowd of the people

While you tell me their names, for I am a stranger in Oxford ;

First say who is he whose gown is partly of velvet,

Walking between two ladies, elegant, tall, and good-looking,

Talking to each in turn, and always complacently smiling ? ”

Then with a glance of love at the fair one,
answered Adonis :

“ That is the keen-eyed, velvet-sleeved Proctor,
dispeller of freshmen ;

He it is that at night walks swiftly the streets
of the city,

Sneaking down alleys and lanes and all sorts of
ways unfrequented,

Decked in his robes of office, his bulldogs
always attending,

Ready to catch all 'Varsity men that he can
with no gowns on,

Fining them five shillings each at nine o'clock
the next morning.

Three men always go with the Proctor, known
as the bulldogs,

Those are the men that chase all undergraduates
gownless,

Far less noble and brave are they than their
four-footed namesakes.

Here comes a Balliol scholar, his well-worked
brain is colossal ;

First in classical contests, examiners fear and
respect him.

Yonder walking erect, with footsteps measured
and stately,

Godlike among the people, his head and
shoulders above them.

Clad in his robes of state, so noble of mien and
majestic,

You may discern the great Vice-Chancellor
foremost in power,

Chief among those who rule in famed don-
nurturing Oxford.

Here and there in the crowd, with dresses
gaudily flaring,

Walking arm-in-arm with their husbands, sleek,
trim, and well fed,

Saunter in conscious pride the landladies, letters
of lodgings,

Drainers of undergraduates' purses, blood-sucking harpies ;

And in new-frock coats, their well-washed faces all shining,

With their whiskers perfumed, are smiling mandunning tradesmen.

Yonder, touching his hat, that man so fat and broad-shouldered,

Dressed in a velvet coat, is the ancient teacher of boxing ;

See each time that he smiles and parts his teeth's ruddy bulwarks,

Large is the gap in his mouth whence meat-munching teeth have departed,

Lost in days gone by, in some terrible fisticuff battle.

Broad was his chest and deep, but now it is down where his waist was,

Slowly, after long years, by degrees imperceptibly sliding,

Like as a glacier slides down the slope of a
snow-covered mountain ;
Now he takes off his hat to two of his favourite
pupils,
Both of them famed with the gloves, broad-
shouldered smashers of noses.
Now just passing by are three young ladies of
Oxford,
Skilled indeed are they on the toe so light and
fantastic,
When in the mazy dance, round the slim men
are twining the brawny.
Just behind them are five of the eight that
rowed against Cambridge,
Big and strong are they all, their appetites too
are enormous ;
That little man along with them is young
Palinurus the coxswain,
Many a time and oft on the banks of fast-
flowing Isis,

Running till I was blown, have I watched the
 'Varsity oarsmen,
Eight of the finest men that mortal ever set
 eyes on,
Making their cutter leap on the buoyant waves
 of the river,
Moving in time together, with backs as rigid as
 pokers.
Next comes a Master of Arts, a curate up from
 the country,
Thin and pale he looks for want of nourishing
 victuals ;
What can he do, poor wretch, when he gets
 only fifty per annum !
Next, with a bloated face, as red as the sun in
 a sea fog,
Marches a stout and shapeless scout released
 from his staircase,
Red is his face from often tasting the wine of
 his masters,

Fat has he grown on the remnants of breakfasts, luncheons, and suppers.

Scouts are well-paid men, and live on the choicest of viands ;

Better, oh ! better by far to be a scout than a curate.

Yonder, side by side, are two young noblemen walking,

Gold are the tassels upon their college caps covered with velvet ;

See how the ladies bow and smile with their sunniest glances ;

That one in blue is blushing away like rosy Aurora,

While her aged companion stoppeth a minute to greet them.

Such an old D.D. as pale and stiff as a biscuit,
Biscuit fresh from the far-famed firm of
Huntley and Palmer.

There with a grin on his face is the Christ
Church messenger ' One Arm,'

Holding a note in his only hand and is looking
for some one.

When in scout-feeding, well-built Peckwater's
noisy quadrangle,

Any one shouts his name in loud-sounding, ear-
splitting accents,

Deaf is he as a post, for he knows 'tis to carry
a message

But sometimes when we ask 'One Arm' in an
audible whisper

If he would like to have a tumbler of wine or a
shilling,

Quickly he answers 'Yes, Sir,' deaf though he
be, the old sly dog.

Now he stops in the crowd to give the note
unto some one,

'Tis to a Christ Church man with a black-
tasselled cap all of velvet ;

He is a gentleman commoner, grand and
wealthy as Croesus.

Well are his large rooms furnished, like to a
palace of comfort ;

Costly and good are the pictures that hang on
the well-papered walls ; and

On the white mantelpiece are two dozen well-
coloured meerschaums.

Many the wines and dinners he gives, and don-
waking suppers ;

Many the boon companions that go to his
bright rooms in Tom quad,

Where far sounding aloft, in Tom's tall grey
coloured tower,

Strikes each night at nine the big bell a hun-
dred and one times.

Here come four of far-famed Oxford's glorious
athletes :

He with a glass in his eye is Pondus, hurler of
hammers ;

On his right hand walks the fair-haired cham-
pion of runners,

Who at a hundred yards unbeaten is fastest in
England ;

And on his left is a Trinity man, unconquered
at three miles,

Fresher he always seems at the end of the race
than at starting,

Coming in spurting, a long way ahead, with
countenance smiling.

Next to him is he who has jumped the furthest
on record ;

He at cricket excels too, and in the schools got
a first class.

Some narrow-minded old fogies think that an
oar or an athlete

Never can be an industrious reading man or a
scholar ;

But recreation is wanted by all to keep them
in health, and

What is better than such as tends to the glory
of Oxford ?

•

Those that fail in the schools are most times
nothing but loafers,
Who in expensive clothes are ever accustomed
to saunter
Up and down the High, or sometimes, perhaps,
play at billiards.
Seldom they rise in time to see the red nose of
Aurora ;
Frequently far in the sky the car of ginger-
haired Phœbus
Goes on its downward course before they are
out of their beds, and
Dons require their presence for non-attendance
at chapel.
That funny man with a smile is married and
lives up at Oxford,
Coaching men for smalls, and gains success for
his pupils.
Now with arms interlaced come three of the
Oxford eleven,

Three that played so well last year at Lord's
against Cambridge ;
You remember the day at Lord's, so bright and
so sunny,
How we sat in the carriage, you in your bonnet
of dark blue,
How we laughed and talked and drank cham-
pagne out of tumblers.
Look out there at that dirty unwashed man
with an eye gone,
Carrying two small snow-white dogs in his
arms, little beauties ;
Once for a wager he went on all fours with his
hands tied behind him,
And as a dog with his teeth attempted to
grapple with rats, but
One large sharp-toothed rat hung on like a
leech to his peeper ;
So he lost his eye and the rat escaped to a safe
place.

Here is the black-haired man that comes with a
basket at lunch time,
Selling biscuits and buns and hot roast mealy
potatoes.

Yonder are some of the dons who in term time
always are grave, but
Smiles light up their book-worn features toward
the vacation ;

Then they are merry, and pent-up wit breaks
forth from their hearts, and
All who hear them shake convulsed with side-
splitting laughter.

Here is the bearded don that examined me for
responsions ;

Oh ! I shall never forget that brain-addling
examination

How I screamed with delight when some one
brought my testamur.

Many others there are of note whose names I
could tell you,

But it is late, and the twinkling stars are
beginning to glimmer.

Let us return to college and quaff from well
shapen teacups,

Genuine essence distilled from the leaves of
tea plants of China."

Then they two returned to the cosy rooms of
Adonis ;

There they found the father and mother and
aunt of the fair one,

Whom they had missed in the crowded walk
and completely forgotten,

But they chided not, for they all three liked
young Adonis,

And recollected what they themselves did once
in their young days.

When they had all well sipped from cups the
essence that cheereth,

Father and mother and aunt fatigued with the
heat and the walking,

One by one fell asleep in the easy chairs of
Adonis ;

He, however—for when was love ever drowsy
or sleepy—

Long at the open window bathed in the light of
the moonbeams,

Sitting beside the lovely maiden, happy, light-
hearted,

Many a story related of things that had
happened at Oxford,

“Cum multis aliis, quæ nunc perscribere
longum est.”

THE THEATRE.

"NAM QUÆ PERVINCERE VOCES
EVALUERE SONUM REFERUNT QUEM NOSTRA THEATRA?"

I.

THE théâtre was filling fast,
As through the open door there passed
A stranger with a scarlet tie,
That instantly provoked the cry
Of, "Turn him out."

II.

His nose was red, his lips beneath
In frequent smiles disclosed his teeth,
And upward when he turned his eye,
In ceaseless hubbub came the cry,
"Ugh! Turn him out."

III.

“Stay, stay,” a Master said, “and rest,
The Vice cares little how you’re dressed.”
But loud from undergraduate lung
The cry continually rung,
“Ugh! Turn him out.”

IV.

The public orator began
To spout his Latin like a man ;
His lips moved fast, but not a word
Was audible ; we only heard,
“Ugh! Turn him out.”

V.

The Gaisford and the Newdigate
And Stanhope shared no better fate ;
No single voice could drown the cry
That roared out from the gallery,
“Ugh! Turn him out.”

VI.

The Vice rose up from off his chair,
And raised his finger in the air,
And gently strove the noise to quell,
But louder came the ceaseless yell,
 “ Ugh ! Turn him out.”

VII.

I left the place with aching brain,
And deafened ear that throbbed again,
And as I sauntered down the High,
Upon the breeze I heard the cry,
 “ Ugh ! Turn him out.”

BILLS.

“Εἰ μὲν γὰρ πλουτῆς, πόλλοι φίλοι, ἦν δὲ πένηαι,
Παῦροι.”

I.

AT Oxford when my funds were low,
And I was ploughed for “ Little-go,”
How fast and furious was the flow
Of bills that came in rapidly !

II.

But Oxford saw another sight,
When my rich aunt went off one night,
For then I'd gold, and cheques could write,
And shopkeepers came fawningly :

III.

“Our stupid clerks the error made,
We never were the least afraid
About our small bills being paid ;”
And so they went on lyingly.

IV.

“We hope,” they said with glistening eye,
“You’ll still allow us to supply
All articles you want ; we’ll try
To please you, sir, in every way.”

V.

Oh ! rare and comic was the fun
To see each humbly cringing dun,
The oily and the sugary one,
All full of meek apology.

VI.

I paid their bills upon the spot,
And the receipts from each I got,
And then I looked at all the lot,
As they stood bowing smilingly.

VII.

“Get out each fawning driveling knave,”
I shouted out with features grave ;
My hand towards the door I wave,
And clench it simultaneously.

VIII.

I heard the sound of hurrying feet
Haste down the stairs and up the street,
And then in fits of laughter sweet
I went off unrestrainedly.

SAL AND I.

"SPECTATUM VENIUNT, VENIUNT SPECTENTUR UT IPSÆ."

I.

We stood up to dance, Sal and I,
At the Masons' ball a night or two ago,
And we watched the couples waltzing round
and round,
Laughing in their spirit's mirthful flow.

II.

We saw a spoony freshman, Sal and I,
Pouring nonsense in his partner's willing ear,
And her mother winked her wicked old eye
At a fat painted lady sitting near.

III.

For she was a match-making mother,
And knew that the freshman had tin,
And she thought of her carriage and pair,
Good living, society, and sin.

IV.

Then sitting in a darkened recess,
We caught a loving couple, Sal and I,
And I envied the quiet kiss they stole,
Which they thought was unobserved by
mortal eye.

V.

We saw a nervous man, Sal and I,
Helping his partner to some cream,
And he twitched his fingers nervously about,
Till his white gloves parted at the seam.

VI.

Then we were gladdened, Sal and I,
For supper was the order of the day,
And we put about half a pigeon pie
And a bottle and a half of wine away.

NUNEHAM.

“DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO.”

I.

WHERE is now the merry party
I was with a month ago,
At that jovial Nuneham picnic,
Where the ladies flirted so ?
On that balmy summer evening
Chaperons behind did stay ;
All the rest dispersed and wandered
In the woods, far away.

II.

Some of us in paths secluded
With the girls we loved did roam.
Mothers knew their pretty daughters
Soon would find another home ;
So they, like indulgent mothers,
Were content to let them stay
With us as we strolled in silence
Far away, far away.

III.

Some unwed are still remaining,—
Will remain so to the last ;
Some have changed their names, and like their
New names better than their past,
And they bless with all their little
Hearts that balmy summer day,
When in Nuneham's woods they wandered
Far away, far away.

EHEU! FUGACES.

I.

WHEN evening shadows cover all with gloom
In meditation by the bright fireside
I sit alone in my deserted room,
And think of bygone days, when on the
wide
Green cricket field in health's warm flush of
pride
I used to pass the sunny hours of life
With laughter-loving comrades by my side,

And join in varied scenes of friendly strife,
Where wit and pleasure dwelt, and merriment
was rife.

II.

Oft in my softly-cushioned punt I lay,
With Tennyson in hand, half in a dream,
By Magdalen gardens in the month of May,
Beneath far-spreading trees, through which
the gleam
Of sunshine quivered in a tempered beam ;
Then would I drift in idle listlessness,
Until I reached the broader silver stream
Where Isis sleeps in Cherwell's soft caress,
Beneath the golden sun's bright beams of
loveliness.

III.

There have I watched our cutter's beauteous
length,
Emerging from the distance dim and grey,

Impelled by noble forms of graceful strength,
Whose eight blue oars flash in the sunset
ray,
Cleaving with mighty strokes the liquid way
And on their white-clad shoulders rosy grow
The last bright glories of departing day,
As the worn traveller sees them often glow
Upon the mighty Alps' gigantic heights of
snow.

IV.

And night is lovely too ; how oft have I
Watched the pale moonbeams in their beauty
fall
In misty softness from the silent sky
On many a noble tower and crumbling wall,
Where clinging tendrils of green ivy crawl !
Oh ! 'tis a grand and soul-exalting sight,
When the lone streets are hushed in silence
all,

And the old city slumbers, wrapt in night,
Like fair Endymion bathed in Dian's silver
light.

v.

Those days are past, and my companions all
Have journeyed forth on different paths of
life ;
On some the rosy smiles of fortune fall,
On some the darkling frowns of toil and
strife,
And some have happy homes, where loving
wife
Teaches her little ones the name of God,
How good He is, and how He gives them
life ;
And some who oft with me the old paths trod
Are lying now at rest beneath the churchyard
sod.

VI.

And there was one whom all that knew must
love,

Whose memory lives in ev'ry mournful heart,
And ever will our saddened feelings move,
Making the dewy mists of sorrow start
To eyes of sadness. By some demon's art,
Upon the blood-stained turf of Marathon
The bandit's vengeful bullet pierced his
heart,
And laid him low in death—and he is gone,
Whose like we seldom here on earth shall look
upon.

VII.

And there was one who plunged beneath the
tide

To save a brother dear, above whose head
The treacherous ice-bound stream began to
glide.

He saved him nobly, but his own soul fled
As in the gulf again he vanishèd ;
And summer flowers bloom sweetly on his
grave.

Yes, he is numbered too among the dead,
Who lost his own another's life to save,
A true-born Englishman, unselfish, good, and
brave.

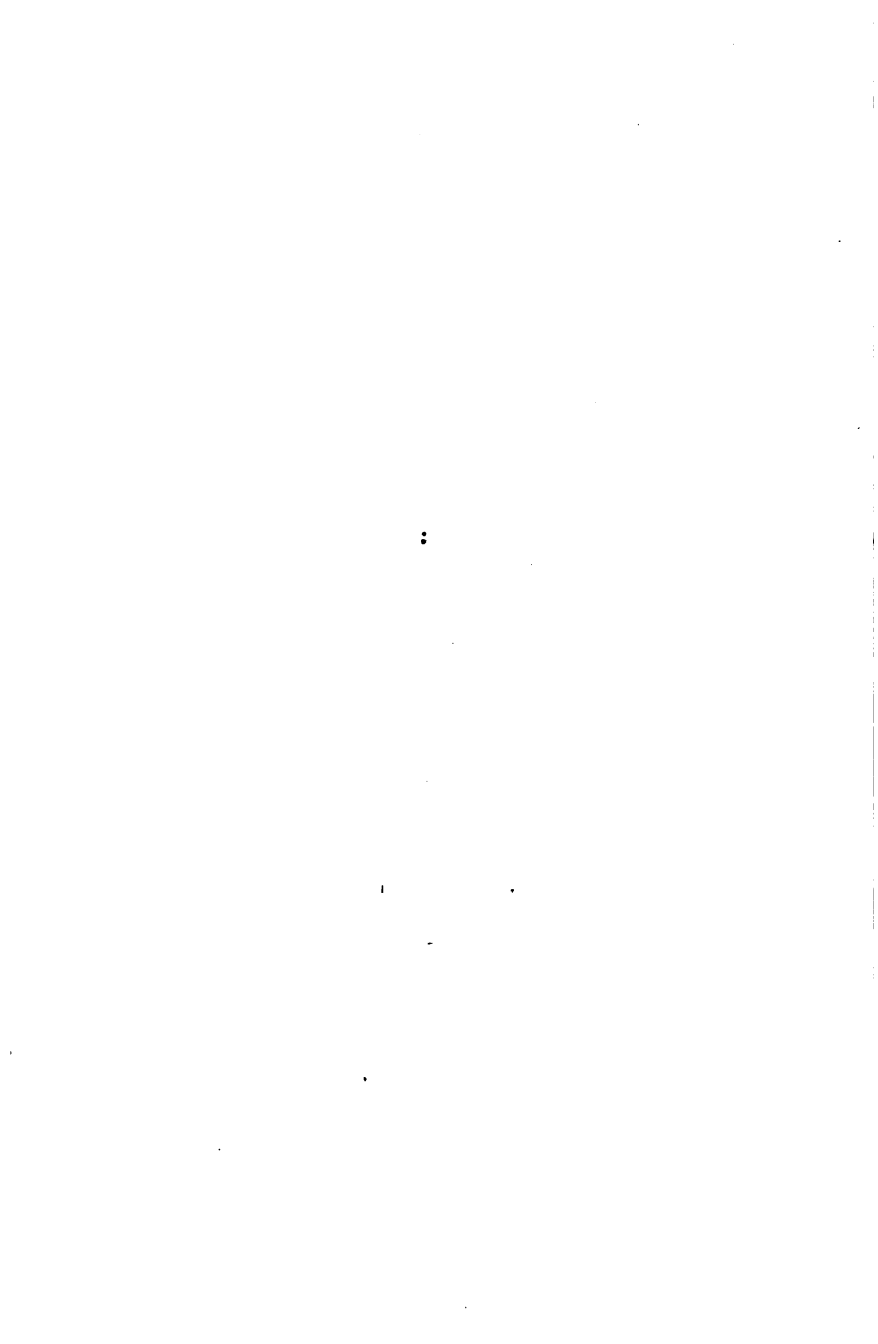
VIII.

My college days are past, those days of joy,
When the young heart is free from sorrow's
cloud,
All careless youth, bright link 'twixt man and
boy,
When mirth is ever present laughing loud.
But now the cares of life my head have
bowed,
Yet still sweet mem'ries in my bosom dwell,
Raising at times oblivion's dusky shroud.

Farewell, ye scenes of youth I loved so well,
Farewell, my boyhood's years, bright days of
joy, farewell!

THE END.

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